

**Title:** Her Silent Tears

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**Rating:** Strong R/NC-17

**Pairing:** Draco/Hermione

**Summary:** *"When are you going to stop crying?" "When are you going to let me go?"*

**Warnings:** Mentions of rape, non-con sex and character deaths. Angsty.

**Distribution:** Link only please.

**Disclaimer:** J.K. Rowling is the Queen.

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## Her Silent Tears (1/1)

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Draco slowly began to wake up. Sleepily, he reached out in the big bed, searching - as always - for Hermione. When he couldn't find her, a frown grazed his features and his eyes opened, looking about the spacious room, searching for his love. He found her, as he had every since since the night he had captured her and brought her to his home and bed, standing at one of the grand windows, looking out into the silent night, the bright moon casting shadows over her features and on the floor behind her.

He silently sighed when he noticed that she was crying once more, and with an all too familiar pang of hurt in his chest, he carefully got out of bed, not wanting to alert her to his wakened state.

That first night, almost six years ago, when he had first had her, and had finally been able to make her his, he had woken up in the middle of the night, wanting and needing her again. At first, he had thought that she had simply rolled out of his arms in her sleep, but when he'd reached out for her and she hadn't been lying next to him, he'd panicked. Mere moments later - moments in which he had had the time to wake up, open his eyes and sit up in bed - he noticed her standing in front of one of the windows, silent tears falling from her eyes.

He'd been angry and hurt that she dared crying, and he'd been abusive with her that night. Had told her that she had nothing to cry over, as Potter and Weasley had deserved to die. That they were nothing to her any longer, and that he was all she would ever need. Told her

repeatedly that she was his and that he wasn't going to take it well if she continued to cry over another man, much less two.

When she still didn't stop crying, he had brought her back to his bed and for the first and only time he hadn't tried to soothe her tears away as he took her, again and again, depriving her of the pleasure he had given her earlier in the evening, and every time since, ignoring of her cries of pain. All he heard was her crying over them and he got even angrier. What right did she have to cry over two boys who were not worthy of her love and affection? With what right did she have to think of them when she was with him, in his bed?

The next morning, she had been silent as he made love to her, but she had stopped crying. Draco had foolishly thought that he had gotten his point across and that she wouldn't cry over them any more.

He had, of course, been wrong.

Later that same night, he had once more woken up to find her by the window, crying. The same thing happened the night after that, and the night after that and with time, Draco had learned to live with it.

He didn't like it, far from it, and his jealousy over the two boys only grew each passing day, even though both of them had been dead for months and months, and she was there, with him.

He had tried everything he could think of to make her stop crying. He'd given her all the books she could possibly want and more, but that hadn't stopped the tears. He'd showered her with a multitude of gifts, but they hadn't stopped them either. In the beginning, he'd been angry every time he woke and she wasn't there next to him, but now he just silently brought her back to bed with him. He made love to her for hours until they were both too tired to do anything but sleep, him falling asleep hoping, as always, that the next night he wouldn't wake up to find her at the window, crying.

He ached with pain, hurt and anger when he woke up and she wasn't in his arms. It killed him that even after all this time, after all he had done for her, and no matter how many times he told her that he loved her, and no matter how many ways he showed her just how much, she still wouldn't stop crying.

She still wouldn't stop thinking about them.

But love her he did. It wasn't what one would call a conventional love. He'd been too screwed up as a child for what was considered normal affection and emotions, but he loved her the only way he knew how. He loved her more than anything in the whole wide world, and until they had children, she was the only one he had ever loved. Every fibre of his being loved her, every part of him screamed at him with their need to be with her. It might not have been

conventional, but it was love nonetheless.

He had first realised his true feelings for her when they had still been in their fifth year. He had accidentally stumbled upon her as she took a bath in one of the prefect's bathrooms. She hadn't seen him, and he'd always been glad for that, as she wouldn't have hesitated in hexing him. Ever since that night, his only goal had been to get her.

When he joined Voldemort and the other Death Eaters, he had been given a special permission from the Dark Lord; to capture him for himself. As thanks to him for having provided very valuable information concerning spies within the Death Eater circle. Professor Snape, Karkaroff and a few of the newer members had all been leaking information to Dumbledore and he'd found them out. They were all dead now of course, along with all but a select few Order members, most of the Aurors and all the other traitors.

It had taken him quite sometime to capture Hermione. She was not only one of the smartest witches in their time, but an Auror, Order member and one of the two best friends of Harry Bloody Potter, which meant that not only could she take good care of herself, but she was closely guarded. Luckily, just a few months after graduation, and the beginning of the second war, he'd managed to trick the old Potions Master. After killing his old Professor, he'd cornered Hermione in an alley in Muggle London. She'd been distracted, and had lost the will to live. Only a few days earlier, Harry had been killed during a direct attack at the Ministry. Ron had died almost directly following their graduation, when several Death Eaters had attacked the Weasley family in their house, if one could call it that. Draco had not only lead the attack, but he himself had killed Ron in a fit of jealous rage.

Hermione had assumed that Draco was going to kill her as well, so when she suddenly found herself tied to his bed, a several Dark Arts Charms were cast upon her to prevent her from harming him, herself and made it impossible for her to escape or contact her friends, she had been utterly confused. When she asked him what he was doing, he had simply laughed softly at her. A real laugh, not one of the mocking ones she'd gotten so used to during their years in school. He'd touched her cheek and said her name with so much love, longing and pure lust in his voice and eyes, that she'd been struck speechless.

She had quickly found her voice again when he began to remove her clothing. By the time he'd removed his own and climbed into the bed next to her, she was crying. He'd touched her, and despite the tears that streamed down her beautiful face and her cries and please for him to stop, he continued. It had been her first time, and she'd cried the whole time.

Her horror truly set in when, despite the pain, hurt, and the anger, resentment and disgust she felt, she couldn't help but cry out in pleasure as he skill fully brought her to orgasm against her will, over and over. Still he ignored her tears, her pleas, and the hateful words she threw at him. Words she threw at him even though it had stopped hurting. Words she threw at him even though it, despite it all, started to feel good.

Afterwards, he'd held her in his arms, comforting her. Drying her tears, kissing away the hurt and loving her the way he had wanted to love her for years.

Days passed, in which she continued to fight him and continued to cry, but after a while she stopped. The fight left her, and she simply let him have his way with her whenever he wanted. She knew he would anyway, and she didn't like the way her tummy fluttered when he would soothe her, and comfort her. She felt guilty over the fact that no matter how much she resisted, no matter how much she fought him, he still brought her pleasure.

Still made her want it.

Want him.

Because such was the power that he had over her.

He told her he loved her every day, every night and during all of the hours in between. She loved their children with all her heart and she accepted his love, his need for her and she gave herself to him whenever he wanted her.

Because there was nothing else she could do.

Time passed. There had been times during their years together when Draco had felt the hope rise inside of him... the hope that she loved him too. There had been times when she looked at him - during their lovemaking, when he held one of their children in his arms, when he talked to the whichever baby was growing inside of her at the time, and when he held her in his arms before she fell asleep - when he thought that she would say it. That she felt it.

Because he hoped, and still firmly believed that with time, she would love him back. But despite the years, despite everything, she had yet to tell him the three words he was aching to hear from her.

There had been times when he'd been so desperate to hear her say that she loved him that he'd been very close to casting the Imperius Curse on her, but he never had. If he did, he would still know that it wasn't true. That she was only telling him what he wanted to hear because he made her say them. And he knew he wouldn't be able to live with that kind of pain.

It had almost been six years that they'd been together, and even when Draco ached so desperately for Hermione to love him, he knew that things could've been much worse. He knew that she didn't hate him as much as she had in the beginning. He knew because he could see it in her eyes, because she didn't turn away from him. He knew it because of the way she would cuddle up to him in the morning, instead of rolling away and ignoring him the moment she woke up. He knew it by the tone of her voice, and what she said to him. She no longer called him 'Malfoy', but 'Draco'. There had even been a few occasions when she had called him an endearment or another.

He knew it by her smiles, her laughter and her kisses. He knew it by the fact that she spoke to him, and the way they fought and the way they made up. He knew it by the simple fact that she was once more alive - she was the girl he'd fallen in love with back in Hogwarts.

Draco slid up behind Hermione, his arms encircling her and both of his hands coming up to rest upon the slight swell of her abdomen where their third son grew instead of her. 'My son,' he thought possessively and pulled her close against him. Hermione, as usual, let herself be hugged tightly by him. Waiting, as usual, for the question he had always asked her when he found her crying in front of the window.

He brought her back to their bed, slipping his shirt off her shoulders and letting it fall to the floor, gazing adoringly at her, his eyes feasting on her naked skin. 'I really love this woman,' he thought before he laid her down on the bed, crawling in after her. He settled himself next to her on the bed and before he pulled her closer to him to feel her naked skin against his, he pulled the thin blanket over them.

"When are you going to stop crying?" he asked her softly, lovingly, as he began to kiss the soft skin on her chest, and touch her the way she loved to be touched. Touch her the way no one had ever done before him. Relishing in the knowledge that not only had he been her first, but he would be her only lover.

"When are you going to let me go?" she answered him in a whisper, not expecting an answer, as she once again yielded to Draco's demanding lips, hands and body. Yielding to him the way she always did, every day, every night and during almost all of the hours in between. Because Draco could never get enough of her.

Which was why she didn't expect an answer, and why he never gave her one. Because they both knew that although Draco would gladly give her everything she wanted, there was one thing he would never give her, simply because of the fact that he loved and needed her so much.

Her freedom.

Life went on, and the two lovers spent every day together with their children, who were still blissfully unaware of the world outside their home and the dangers it held. Still blissfully unaware of whom their father really was and what he had done. Still blissfully unaware of how their parents had gotten together and how they themselves had come to be. They would laugh and play together, and they all loved each other.

Everyday, night and at every other opportunity Draco had, he made love to Hermione. Showing her how much he loved her, hoping as always that that was the day she realised her feelings for him. That that was the day she would tell him that she loved him as well, the night she would stay the whole night in bed, rather than stand in front of the window, crying until he

came and took her back to their bed.

But every night Hermione would cry her silent tears.

For Harry, for Ron, and for everyone else who had lost their lives in the war. For everyone else who had lost someone they loved. For everyone else who were being held captured somewhere, but were not treated as well as she herself was. And she cried for all of those who were still left behind.

She cried for her children, who would have to grow up in a cruel and harsh world. For herself and for her parents, whom she had never really known, but loved just as much as she had loved them when she had still been an innocent little child, unaware of the magical world and her place in it.

But mostly she cried for Draco.

She cried for him because no matter how much she tried not to, she couldn't help but love him.

And she cried, because he would never know.

**The End.**

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